Ficlet!

For **COMMENT_FIC**:

Supernatural; Lucifer/Dean; breakfast in bed (terrifyingly).

R, S5 AU, warning for non-con, and this got to be big enough for two comments!

Dean puts his hands on Lucifer's knees and glares at him.

"No," Dean says clearly. "Get the hell out of my dream."

Lucifer only smiles and cups Dean's cheek, looking indulgent and feeling all too tangible for Dean's comfort.

"Who's to say this is a dream?" Lucifer asks, and slides a cold finger down Dean's front. "There's no reason why you can't be here now."

It's a chilling thought, colder than Lucifer's finger as it touches Dean's stomach, and it makes Dean rear up and try to pull back, even as Lucifer reaches out and grips his waist, pulling him in close.

"You aren't dreaming, Dean," Lucifer murmurs as he nips at Dean's lip. "You're here," and oh hell, Dean thinks, he can feel Lucifer's fingers on his hips.

Lucifer kisses him, and Dean swears into his mouth, pushing at his shoulders, but Lucifer's strong, immovable, and Dean has to accept it when Lucifer pulls Dean to his chest and holds him there.

"What do you want?" Dean spits, unwilling to give up the fight, even if he knows he can't get far.

"I've brought you here for breakfast," and Dean must be forgiven for thinking the wrong thing, for trying to punch Lucifer.

Dean shows fear, but Lucifer just blinks at it and pulls Dean close again, understanding what he's thinking with a sigh.

"I won't eat you," Lucifer says. "Or your blood, or your soul, I have no taste for humans."

Dean makes a soft sound and tries to pull away.

Lucifer wraps an arm over Dean's shoulders and holds him close as a tray appears on the bed, loaded with pancakes and toast and oatmeal and bacon and two cups of coffee.

"Before I consign your species to extinction," Lucifer says. "I thought I would try some of its luxuries."

Dean says nothing and eyes the maple syrup, and the knives, and tries to think of ways to get himself out of this situation.

Then he's flipped over, onto his back, pressed up to Lucifer's chest, and Lucifer picks up a pancake with his fingers, and Dean watches as Lucifer eats it. He's dainty, doesn't let a crumb tumble off onto Dean, and for a moment it's almost okay, Dean can work like this if Lucifer keeps eating, but then -

Lucifer lowers half of the pancake, and offers it to Dean.

Dean doesn't know whether to laugh or cry, so he swears and in swearing Lucifer takes the opportunity to put the pancake in his mouth.

Dean chokes for a moment, then chews and swallows and thinks that this is so screwed up, he can't even begin to list the problems here.

He meets Lucifer's eyes and tries inching a hand out to the knife he knows is next to one of the plates.

Lucifer puts a cold hand around Dean's throat and says in a pleasant tone, "If you're going to be difficult, Dean, I can make this much worse for you. I am being a gracious host now, am I not?"

Dean lets his hand drop, and pulls it back to his side, swallowing, and even if he won't admit it, he's terrified.

The cold fingers - he knows how strong they are, he knows that his bones are like twigs to Lucifer - the cold fingers pull off and pick up another pancake.

This time, when Lucifer offers him half, he eats it, and when Lucifer continues to hold his fingers out, he licks. Dean may be stubborn, and he may hate Lucifer, but he's not stupid.

"Good boy," Lucifer says sweetly, and Dean grits his teeth. He tells himself not to react, not to let the bastard get to him, but it's hard. It's really hard.

Dean closes his eyes and when Lucifer's fingers probe at his lips, he opens his mouth.

The bacon tastes delicious, and if not for the circumstances, Dean would get more.

He would get a lot more, except that there's a cold body holding him, and the fingers he's forced to lick are cold.

Fortunately Lucifer doesn't talk for the rest of the pancakes and bacon, and when Lucifer lets him sit up and offers the coffee, Dean takes it warily.

He doesn't know what else Lucifer wants, and doesn't trust his sudden freedom of movement.

"I'm going to send you back now," Lucifer says. "Send my regards to Sam, and try not to get yourselves killed."

Dean bites back an insult. He wants to, god help him, he wants to.

Lucifer puts a cold hand on his chest and smiles at Dean's shiver.

"We must do this again," Lucifer says softly, and digs his nails into Dean's chest. "Don't try to hide, or stop me. When I want you here, you'll be here."

Dean gasps as his chest burns, burns cold, and curls.

Lucifer pulls his hand back, and when Dean glares at him, his eyes are knowing.

"I'll see you again, Dean," and Dean wakes up, sits up in his bed at the hotel of the week.

Sam's asleep in the next bed over, and everything's normal.

Dean tells himself it didn't happen.

Dean's chest still burns, and he can't lie to himself that well.

(Later, later that day, Castiel confirms what Dean was afraid of: his rib carvings have been changed, and Castiel can't do a thing about it.)